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# Camera Shy



romance

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## Chapter 1 by Phantim

She was always camera shy, that lover of his, never thinking she was pretty enough for photos. So after the accident took her away from him... All he had left was one photo of the two of them. It became his most treasured possession.

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Tim sat in the floor of his small apartment drinking from a cheap bottle of liquor. The sun's midday rays shining through his window as he looked at her photo on his phone. As the alcohol and pills continued to assault his mind, he thought back to how they met...

## Chapter 2 by Jayde Avalon



She was the new kid at school last year. He couldn't help noticing immediately that she seemed extremely shy and...depressed? She never spoke to anyone, never answered aloud in class, and seemed to be always looking down when she walked. She always sat alone at lunch, and it was usually in a somewhat hidden spot.

They met for the very first time a week after school began. He had arrived early and found her having breakfast alone, writing ve

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grabbed a tray of breakfast and approached her table.

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She lifted her eyes to him and quickly looked down again. She seemed to tilt down her head further. Tim had the impression she was trying hard to disappear.

"Hey," he said with a smile, sitting across from her. "What'cha writing?"

She flipped the page shyly to a sheet of history notes and pulled the notebook closer. "Nothing," she mumbled. Was she...blushing?

"I'm Tim," he said, leaning a bit closer and putting on his warmest smile. "What's your name?"

"It's...it's Phoenix," she murmured as though embarrassed.

"Seriously? That's awesome!" The school bell rang. Reluctantly, Tim gathered his mess and hers, to her evident embarrassment. Before leaving, he stepped up next to her and bent slightly toward her ear. "You have gorgeous handwriting," he whispered.

She blushed scarlet. "Thank you," she managed to whisper.

### Chapter 3 by Natalya Nugent



Phoenix was like no other she had brown eyes. They reminded me of fall. Which just so happens to be my favorite season. And from that day forward I seemed to see her everywhere and just not at school. At the park, walking down the street, and she haunted my dreams. I quickly became obsessed with her, I had to know her.

### Chapter 4 by Natalya Nugent



She ended up being in three of my classes and two weeks later I noticed who those three class grades slowly dropped. Mostly because I stared at her the whole time trying catch a glimpse of those brown eyes again. Every now and again I got lucky and she turned for a half a second to look out the window. But then her golden hair would fall about her face clouding his vision of her. But to me she was beautiful no matter what.

Even when we slammed into each other at lunch our trays crashing into each other. First I was

so totally embarrassed till I heard her laughing then I looked at her and she was picking salad off her shoulder smiling shaking her head. See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 5 by Elizabeth Galt



She decided to trust me and brought me into her world. I did much of the talking at first. The little tidbits of her life were ordinary, then sad. Within me grew a sense of responsibility and protectiveness. I encouraged her to check in with me, without being demanding. I needed to know she was safe.

### Chapter 6 by Lizabeth Sche



Phoenix had been through a lot. Her current situation was difficult, at least the way she told it. I got the idea she exaggerated family conflicts. Lately though, I found myself trying to disprove that theory. I couldn't get a good read on the dad because my exposure was limited. I had known people who bent tales to their advantage, before. Phoenix just seemed so incredibly sincere, to me. I needed to know.

### Chapter 7 by Lizabeth Sche



She never invited anyone over, but maybe I could be first. I started working on it. "Phoenix it's your turn to have me over after school." I began. No answer. She found another topic of conversation and she exited school too swiftly that day. I tried calling. Her phone must be dead. I knew she warned me she wasn't allowed to have uninvited guests. I didn't know if waiting for Monday to hear from her, was a good idea. Then, I was distracted with my own social life, and didn't think of her again until Saturday. At a party that night, there was a buzzing of quiet conversations, I wasn't a part of. I thought I heard her name. Such a unique name, I couldn't fathom mishearing it.

### Chapter 8 by Pavhawk546



I came home that night, putting the thought of hearing her name out of my mind. I barely remember that weekend; it just flashed by, a simple blur of memories. All I can recall is the shock I felt that Monday. The stream of emotions that came over me forcing tears to well in my eyes. The hopelessness, the frustration, the feeling that I had failed her...they swarmed me until I was but a hollow shell of my former self. I was too late to help her in the end, too late to show her how much I loved her, just...too... late...

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Worry flooded my being that day as I constantly texted and called her; praying for some kind of response. I found out about the "accident" later that day...

My first clue as to what had occurred came as a phone call... I was leaving school when my cell rang. Seeing the number as Phoenix's, a mix of joy and concern filled my being as I quickly picked up

"Phoenix, where have you been? Why weren't you at school? Is everything alright?"

"Hey Tim..." she replied weakly, "I just wanted to say Thank you for this past year...meeting you has been the greatest thing to ever happen to me...I think I lo....."

"Wait" I cut off, my voice on the edge of breaking, "What do you mean? What is going on!?!?"

Before I got an answer the line went dead...

Panic coursed through my veins as I took off for her house. Nearly slamming into her door, I proceeded to trying to break it down.

The door opened and I was met with the tear stricken eyes of what I assumed was her mother...She looked at me and uttered the final segment to a story that should never have ended.

"She's dead" She hollowly stated, water once again staining her eyes

Disbelief and later rage shook my being as I heard about the final moments of her life.

Her father had been an abusive alcoholic who had terrorized her family for years. Saturday had been the culmination of this oppression. Phoenix had decided to fight back and with her courage came the cost of her life. Her father "fought back in self-defense" as his lawyers called it and ended up "accidentally" beating her to death. Phoenix passed away that Saturday in the hospital.

Unable to deal with the pain growing inside me I left. Realization once again struck me as I wandered aimlessly lost in the night. I didn't call her on Saturday but still had called me that day...

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Confusion clouded my mind and I gave in to the despair. Wave upon wave of tears cascaded down my face as my own sanity threatened leave me. As I broke down I looked skyward hoping the heavens held the answers that I needed. Gazing among the stars I saw her for the last time. Rising from the ashes of our world she flew into the universe beyond. Like a Phoenix she burned bright into the night sky, soaring into the darkness illuminating it. She had seared a place in my

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